

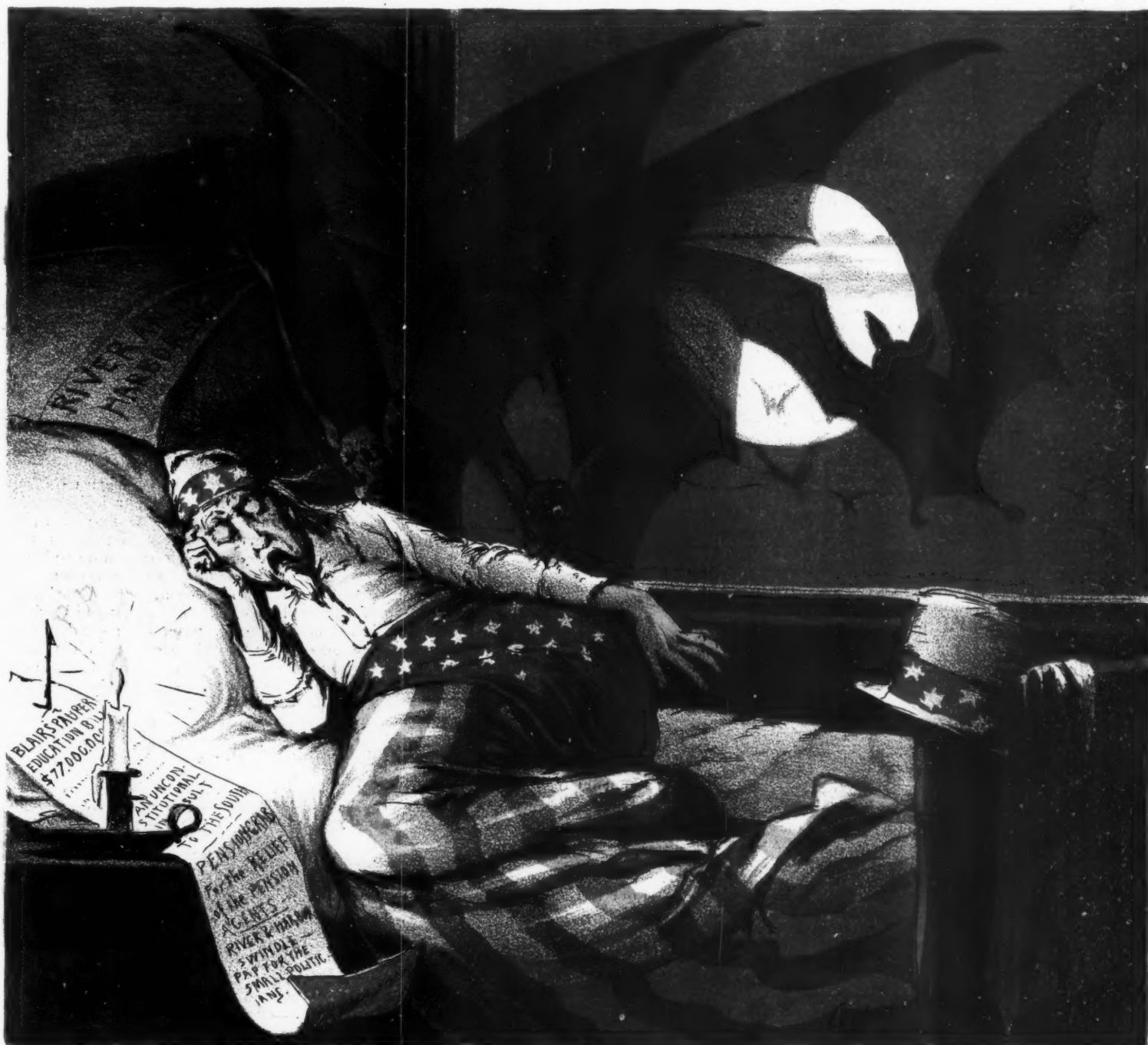


KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



STILL THEY COME!

How Many Blood-sucking Vampires Can Uncle Sam Support?



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,
Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
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 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25
 Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station
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 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - J. S. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A FEW years ago it was announced that a universal panacea for labor troubles had been discovered. The down-trodden working-man was no longer to be trodden down; his rights were to be protected; his oppressors were to be confounded. The agency by which all this was to be done was called the "Boycott." It was a scheme invented in Ireland, by a highly-civilized lot of people, who were in the habit of putting needles into the fodder of their neighbors' oxen and asses, when they happened to have a grudge against those neighbors. It was a simple scheme; beautiful in its simplicity. A. is employed by B. A. is dissatisfied with his wages. He strikes. This part of the scheme is very old, and in this ancient form it was enough to satisfy past generations. But it goes further. A., having struck, associates with himself C., E., G., I., K., M. and O., who, being employed by D., F., H., J., L., N. and P., may some day desire to strike on their own account, and they enter into an agreement to refrain from dealing with B. in any way.

And not only this: They agree to keep others from dealing with B. If D. sells B. groceries, they will stop dealing with D. If F. mends B.'s clothes, they will do what they can to keep customers away from F. This is called Boycotting. To punish B. and to bring him to terms, the entire community is to be forced to take up A.'s quarrel, whether it be just or unjust. It is useless for D., F., H., J. and the rest to plead: "This is none of your business." The managers of the Boycott reply: "If you do not help us, we will ruin your trade and deprive you of the necessities of life." "But," says D., for instance: "I have done you no wrong. I pay my workmen well—they have no complaint to make of me. Settle your difference with B., yourself. I have no quarrel with either him or you." Back comes the Boycotter's logic—"Help me, or I'll hurt you."

It is a very beautiful scheme, so long as it works. At the first, it is found to be successful. It is always the struggle of one man against many men; of a small interest against a great interest. You can readily persuade a merchant to give up the trade of one customer to keep the trade of a number of customers. Those lacking in principle and courage—like the New

NO GROUNDS FOR HOLDING HIM.



MAGISTRATE.—Prisoner, why did you maltreat the complainant so terribly?

PRISONER.—He said I was no better than a New York Alderman.

MAGISTRATE.—Justifiable assault and battery—discharged.

York brewers, for example—will readily yield to such demands from any large or lawless body. But there is an end to the effectiveness of this form of coercion. The moment it gets to be generally applied, it must arouse a tremendous opposition—the opposition of men banded together for self-protection. The weakest-backed, meanest-spirited of tradesmen, when he realizes that the annoyance he was willing to aid in inflicting upon a fellow-tradesman may be visited upon himself, will unite with all others in his business to protect their joint interests.

There is the weak point in the Boycotting scheme. It must inevitably, sooner or later, bring them to the place where their victims will gather together and *Boycott back*. There is no monopoly in the idea of organization. Employers can organize as well as employees. And how much more power the employers wield, as Boycotters, than the employed! Suppose that the butchers and the stock-raisers and the market-men generally, throughout the country, "organize" into a union. Suppose that this union is inconsiderate enough to be displeased because strikes on Western railroads interfere with the shipment of beef and pork. Suppose the union decrees that in all the country not one ounce of meat shall be sold to any Knight of Labor—for instance. Would not that be a formidable Boycott? The Knights of Labor, of course, can live on bread and hominy and Indian-meal. But suppose the Protective Union of Cereal-Raisers and Flour-Dealers, who cannot get Western wheat shipped to the East, should reinforce the butchers' Boycott with a Boycott of their own. And suppose the Farmers' Protective Union, being inconvenienced in the same way, should apply the Boycott idea to the traders' vegetables. The interest of one is the concern of all, as the Boycotters have informed us.

The right to strike is a right that belongs to every man in a free country. But Boycotting has nothing to do with right or with freedom. The Boycott can claim no kinship with the Strike. It is twin brother to riot and violence. If the people against whom it is directed refuse

to submit passively, the Boycott can be made effectual only by violence. And even if the system were generally successful, the working-men would gain nothing. They would only discourage capital and drive it to other ways of investment. As it is, by their countenance of this evil practice, the working-men of America have already given their cause a set-back from which it will not recover in years. Public sentiment was with them. It is veering around, and when it turns wholly against them they will miss its support.

The "Blair bill" is losing friends day by day. The more the subject is discussed, the more clearly do people see that Congress has no business to make New Hampshire pay for North Carolina's schools. And even if the scheme were far sounder and more desirable than it is, it could hardly be a popular measure. The hideous extravagance of our legislators is a burden on the country. Business men are tried hard enough at present by the demands of their employees. They do not want to have trade further intimidated by the prospect of a depleted national treasury and the probability of increased taxation. The River-and-Harbor bill is moaning for more millions; the Pension bills go on forever, and there are limits to the amount of drain which the financial system of the country will stand. Yet our Congressmen do not seem to think so.

IT TAKES fifty thousand to have a brown-stone,
 And five times as much a good steam-yacht to own,
 And forty-five thousand will purchase a rare
 Oil-painting by Corot, Detaille or Vibert.
 With thousands eighteen to the shop you must go,
 If you'd have a vase that is called the Peachblow.
 Away with such nonsense,
 Such rot and such ruck.
 A quarter will purchase
 A PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

We may live with no brown-stone to make our hearts glad
 We may live without steam-yachts and never be sad,
 We may live without paintings and loss never know,
 We may live and be happy without a Peachblow;
 But where is the man on
 This gay whirling ball
 Who can live without laughter
 And PUCK'S ANNUAL?

Price, twenty-five cents each. For sale by all news-dealers.

ART NOTES.

THE National Academy opened its exhibition of paintings for 1886 something like a week ago, and is now in full blast with its "Peaceful Hours," "Three Miles and a Half from Nantaskets," "Portraits of Ladies," "Reveries," "Interiors of Hat Factories," "Twilights on the Saguenay," "Waitings," "Seventeenth Love-Letters," "Autumn's Dreamy Days," "Boy Grandmothers," "Sundowns on the Megalloway," and "Goosedowns on the Mulligattawny."

The catalogue kindly sent us by Charles W. Kurtz tells us that "A Reverie" (274) is 21x24. We have heard of poetry being measured off by the yard by cold-blooded publishers; but we never before heard of reveries being measured in this way.

"The Blessing" (604) is 27x34, and as it is being received by a small boy who is gazing hungrily at a covered frying-pan, we fancy that it is only a little blessing for a cent.

Cropsey, as usual, is on hand with one of his characteristic colored cartoons. He is the individual who could paint the town red without half trying.

F. K. M. Rehn is on deck with an open sea that blows your hat off and makes you hungry for clam-chowder. It is No. 384, and is called "The Three Fishers." As we have looked all over the deck in vain for the fishers, we fancy they are down in the cabin taking a drink.

550 is a view of the Shawassee River, Michigan, a lovely summer scene full of deep shade, the scent of clover, the call of whippoorwills and loons, and the heavy golden dreaminess that melts into the soul and makes a vacation seem too short. It is hard to tell whether the landscape is reflected in the water or the water reflected in the landscape. And the water is dotted with objects that may be lilies or may be decoy ducks building their nests.

"Late Summer" (240) is one of those quiet days in the latter part of August when the clouds are rolled in fleecy squadrons against the peaceful sky, when the golden-rod begins to get in its work, and the dog begins to feel that the law will not compel him to wear a muzzle much longer. The warmth in this picture makes your collar melt.

"Something Worth Reading At Last" (247)

represents a young lady fishing a manuscript novel out of an old trunk in the garret. She wears a delighted look and a chintz wrapper, and the old professional feels sure that she can sell it for the work of the late Hugh Conway.

481 is timely, if nothing else. It represents a strike, and shows the horny-handed sons of toil, in red shirts and caps, demanding justice from a refined-looking gray-beard in a Prince Albert and silk hat. In the back-ground kindling-wood factories and locomotives are puffing and blowing for all they are worth. By observing this picture closely, you can hear the factory-whistles.

What a curious thing is art! Just look at some of the thousand-dollar landscapes, for instance. They mostly represent land that is not worth twenty dollars an acre. Yet, when a bit of it is put on canvas by the right man, it will yield a city lot. An artist can go out behind Union Hill any afternoon, and paint the first bit of wood he sees, and put in a brook and a wind-mill from his imagination, and call it "Near Easthampton," or "A Marsh in Britany," and no one is the wiser.

Twenty-five dollars will purchase a picture representing a dozen jacque-roses that cost a cent apiece—nice crimson, velvety, creamy roses that are a joy for several days. An artist can do better, though, in painting fruits; for, when he is through painting, he can eat them, and thus be nothing out if his picture does not sell.

Meissonier can get sixty-five thousand dollars for a little hand-me-down picture like "The Charge." But a first-class scenic artist cannot receive more than a trifling amount for a drop-curtain covered with trees and cows and a creamy golden perspective that makes you think you can look into it for miles. Yet, throw a stone out of the gallery at the ship that seems to be miles away, and very likely you will knock the eye out of the soubrette who is standing behind that beautiful vista of sunshine and vapor sizing up the house.

A thing that always takes is a few fishing-smacks lying in a calm at sunset. The smacks should show a clumsy picturesqueness, and the sails should hang loosely and sag like those of Clays. The water should be orange and the sails the same color, with a little red smeared on with the thumb-nail. The artist can wipe

his thumb-nail off on his hair with impunity if it is red. The frame should be very clumsy, and look as though made by the artist himself with an axe.

This Exhibition is one grand kaleidoscopic jumble of cocktail skies, green-turtle meadows, pickled cabbage sunsets, blue-point mountains and Orange (N. J.) twilights. One moment you see Mt. Katahdin at Sunrise, and then Sunset on the Nile. You drift in a moment from Dingman's Ferry to the Coast of Maine; and the whole thing, taken all in all, is much more satisfactory than being lugged around by Tourist Cook to see the same scenery without canvas backs.

R. K. M.

PUCKERINGS.



ONE of the latest and most effectual cures for tooth-ache is a pair of tight boots.

WE ARE happy to see that the fame of journalists is growing wider every day.

The most powerful wind-engine now made is called "The Dana."

THE SALVATION ARMY is said to have made sixty-eight converts in Kalamazoo. This is about the time for Kalamazoo to increase her police-force.

GEORGE W. CHILDS has been presented with the Indian war-club used by Chief Kill Eagle at the Custer massacre. Isn't this nice? Now Mr. Childs can use it on the nuisance who writes the obituary poetry for his mortuary journal, the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

SOME FOOLISH person asserts that there is not enough dignity about American politicians. This is simply absurd. When Aldermen command thirty thousand dollars each at private sale, there ought to be no complaints on this score.

AN INTERNATIONAL Bakers' Congress and Baking Exhibition is to be held at Amsterdam. The manufacturers of dyspepsia-cures are to be represented, to guard against sudden attacks of apoplexy and prostration.

THE WIDOW'S MITE was spoken of before our distinguished Generals began dying.

IN LANSING, MO., a young man named Verity blew off the top of his head with a shot-gun the other day. Now he is one of the eternal verities.

"SENATOR EDMUNDS is mad again," observes a Washington correspondent. In connection with this we may remark that Senator Edmunds is the evenest-tempered man in the country. He is always mad about something.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL remarks: "It tickled the aqueous humor of his eye, and he wept." It was not a Western newspaper joke that amused him, as our readers might imagine, but a piece of wood which he carelessly got under his eye-lid.

SINCE THE sinking of the *Oregon* two New York newspapers and one Detroit journal have suggested with great sapiency that hereafter mail-bags for use on trans-Atlantic steamers should be made water-tight. In suggesting remedies for disasters after they have occurred, the average newspaper-editor is a long way in advance of his fellow-men.

THE EX-KING THEBAW of Burmah is said to have been an expert poker-player. This seems very probable. A man who always has four queens ought to be an expert at poker, if he is at any game.

AN OLD sea-captain says he gets sick every time he crosses the ocean. It is inferred that although he may have never written anything for the *Century*, he contributes to the Atlantic, monthly.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VIII.



"I wish you wouldn't grin at me in that idiotic way, Mr. Lightwaist; you make me nervous."

"Can't help it—my 'Hand-Book of High-toned Etiquette' says you must wear a pleasant smile during the pauses in conversation, and I'm wearing one, that's all."

WE ASSIST OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

The Newspapers are Publishing an Article on "How to Get Out of Bed Properly."—Here are a Few Ways Very Much in Vogue.



The Get-Up-and-Build-the-Fire Style.



The College Freshman Style.



The Style of the Small Boy in the Country.



The Cheap Furniture Style.



The Folding-Bed Caper.



The Way the Baby Gets Out of Bed.

THE TROUBLE WITH SHAKSPERE.

"THE great trouble with Shakspeare," said the American dramatist: "is that he had no knowledge of human nature."

"Take that apothecary business in the last act of 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance. Would a man—a fly man like *Romeo*, have stood outside that drug-store in the street yelling: 'What, ho! apothecary?' Would any man with true dramatic instinct have missed a set like that?"

"How would I have done it? Why, set the stage in four, large door in flat, show-window on either side full of bottles and patent-medicine 'ads,' backed by street. Counter, with show-cases, on either side. Practicable soda-fountain, with 'ad' of manufacturer on the programme at fifty dollars an evening, right. Other 'ads' displayed on walls."

"Comic apothecary discovered dusting bottles. He accidentally breaks bottle of nitrate of silver, and rings in gag about Silver Bill. Mops it up with a sponge, and makes humorous reference to Democratic or Republican party, according to politics of the town. Then, perhaps, business with tramp, introducing a line of old newspaper jokes about soda-fountain. Then *Romeo* enters."

"*Romeo* saunters up to counter, and engages the druggist in conversation. Druggist recognizes *Romeo* as *Julie Capulet's* 'mash,' and scents large order for caramels. Lady enters and buys pint-flask of whiskey for bathing purposes. This naturally suggests poisons, and en-

ables *Romeo* to lead the conversation on to this subject. Druggist shows his entire stock of poisons, including some job-lots of special sizes. But all in vain; *Romeo* can't find anything deadly enough."

"Suddenly his eye lights on a box of 'five-cent genuine Havana-filled cigars.' A look of satisfaction appears on his face, and he purchases a quarter's worth—six. The druggist begs him not to light them on the premises, explaining that the law of Mantua, like the cigars themselves, is death to any one that smokes them. *Romeo* then asks for a match, and exit."

"Grand trick-change to the tomb of the Capulets. Soda-fountain revolves, showing tomb on the other side, with *Juliet* lying in state. *Romeo* enters, and tries to light cigar, but discovers too late that he has got the kind that light only on the box, and not always there. At this juncture *Paris* enters, who, on *Romeo's* asking him for a match, at once draws his sword and obliges him. At the close of this match, which is a draw, both die and curtain falls."

"*Juliet* should not wake at all in this act. Her doing so is not only contrary to scientific facts, but necessitates the leading lady's presence on the stage during the whole scene; whereas, if she can be merely represented by a dummy, she is enabled to go out to supper with her gentlemen nearly an hour earlier."

"Shakspeare meant well, but he wasn't on to all these points of stage business."

"Thanks, yes, the same."

F. E. CHASE.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

It is said that Canon Farrar offers to bet five thousand dollars that no man was ever cured of drunkenness without total abstinence. And yet some people think Canon Farrar's visit to America was not productive of much good. Where, we would like to ask, would the reverend gentleman have gotten his five thousand dollars to bet, if he hadn't made his visit to America?

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL advertises a machine which it calls "the best hatcher in the world." We always thought the hen was the best hatcher made; but they are making so many improvements in farm-implements that we can't be sure of such things.

NIAGARA FALLS will never disappear, according to Professor Proctor. This is more than can be truthfully said of the idiot who attempts to swim over them. He usually disappears for a week or so after he tries the experiment.

A WESTERN EXCHANGE tells of a "fight with hostile Indians." This surprises us. Judging from the reports which reach Congress after the fight is over, all the Indians are peaceable.

SAM JONES remarks that "What God has done for other places does not compare with what God is going to do for Boston." It is known to only one other person besides Mr. Jones.

WHAT THE SMOKE SAW.—A HOTEL-WINDOW TRAGEDY.

THE sky was black and sullen, as if it had lost its temper about something, and didn't care who knew it, and a thin streak of smoke ascended from a red chimney to the dark clouds which hung low over the house-tops, where it spread itself over the sky, as far as it could reach, and added all in its power to make the day as black and disagreeable as it was possible for a day to be. The chimney out of which the smoke came was at the corner of the roof which covered a tall business-block opposite the street from a fine, handsome hotel, and it was into the windows of this hostelry that the smoke looked with a curiosity somewhat impertinent, it is true, but quite rational; for common smoke cannot be expected to be above impertinence, any more than common people. As the smoke slowly and spirally rose like the grooves on a gimlet, it saw something in the fourth window from the south on the sixth floor, to be exact, which made it pause, and caused its not ordinarily expressive countenance to assume an air of surprise not unmingled with consternation.

The top brick on the chimney noticed this instantly. This brick had nothing to do but to notice things, and, unlike many idle people, it had cultivated its observation to a high degree of keenness, which made it a very king among bricks.

"What's the matter?" asked the brick, quickly, so given is this world to curiosity.

"I'll be d—d if I ever saw anything like this before," returned the smoke.

(While the brick was struggling with its surprise at this unexpected profanity, it would only be fair for us to explain that the smoke knew no better. The draft had been particularly bad that morning, and in building the fire the janitor had used that phrase and a great many more of a similar import and even worse, and as this was the only language the smoke had ever heard, it was not to be blamed for using it.)

"Of course, you never have," returned the brick, with an emphasis which was meant to be reproving: "You never were anything before excepting soot and the inside of a chimney. You can't expect to find all the world like the inside of a flue. What is it that surprises you?"

"There is a young man inside that window," replied the smoke, somewhat abashed at this rebuke.

"Well, what of it? When you have seen more of life, you will not be surprised at seeing a young man."

"There is a young woman there, too."

"Oh!" observed the brick, pricking up its ears.

"Yes," went on the smoke: "and I can see that he is very much excited."

"Can you hear what they are saying?" asked the brick.

"No, I can't make it out. Their window is closed."

"What sort of looking man is he?"

"Tall, thin, with light hair, and he wears a bang."

"What does she look like?" inquired the brick, anxiously.

"I can't see her very well. She has her hat and cloak on."

"I wish you were out of the way, so that I could see for myself," returned the brick, ill-humoredly.

"I think I know the young man. He lives at the hotel, and is one of the night-clerks. But I never saw a woman in his room before."

"He has taken her hand in his," exclaimed the smoke: "and now he is pressing it."

"Go on, go on," cried the brick: "what else?"

"She shakes her head and starts for the door."

"Well! well!"

"He has sat down on a chair and covered his face with his hands. He is crying, I think."

"What is she doing?" asked the brick: "Does she relent?"

"No; apparently not. She has a bundle in her hand, which she keeps tight hold of. Now he throws himself down on his knees at her feet. He is making love to her. No, he isn't; I think she must be his wife, and he is afraid of her."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said the

brick, sagely: "I have often heard of men deserting their wives, and he may be her husband. Probably he left her in a country town where they lived, and she has followed him here."

"That must be so," returned the smoke: "She is entreating him now. I think she wants him to go with her. He shakes his head sadly."

"Sadly?" ejaculated the brick, indignantly: "The miserable fellow! I'll bet the sorrow is all on the other side."

"Now she opens the bundle and calls his attention to its contents."

"Yes," exclaimed the brick: "didn't I tell you so? She is his wife, and that bundle contains the portraits of his fatherless children. The miserable Mormon! Do you know, I wouldn't put bigamy beyond him?"

"Nor I, either," coincided the smoke; so prone are the creatures of this world to believe bad of their fellows: "He has a bad face. Now she starts for the door again."

"Well," cried the brick: "what does he do? Does he let her go, like the cowardly ruffian that he is?"

"No; he is trying to prevent her going. He clasps his hands and wrings them. He is begging her to stay."

"Of course, he is," exclaimed the brick, with ungenerous inconsistency, too human, almost, for a brick: "He is afraid she intends to inform the police of his conduct, and have him arrested for abandonment. Oh, I know men, and I hate 'em. Does she manage to escape?"

"Yes," continued the smoke, straining its eyes to follow the pair to the further end of the room: "Yes, she has opened the door. Now she has come back, and he is sitting down to a table and is writing."

"I'll bet he is writing a check for her, and possibly it is a promise to provide for her. He is a miserable coward, I know," snapped the brick: "How I wish some one would throw me at him! I wouldn't care if I should be broken."

With this bloodthirsty observation the conversation came to an end, owing to the unkind interference of a puff of wind, which blew the smoke away from the chimney, and sent it soaring over the hotel into the cloud in the distance.

That was what the smoke saw. This, however, is what the smoke did not see. It was the note which the man wrote. The day-clerk at the counter behind the glass window in the hotel-office did see it, though. It was addressed to him, and this is what it said:

Dear Jim: For Heaven's sake send me up a dollar. I have used every argument in the world. I have told her that my future depends on my going to Brown's ball to-night. I have gone down on my knees to her; but she won't let me have my washing until the money is paid. Confound a laundress, anyhow.

Yours in misery, SAM.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.



Answers.

Little maid, little maid, where do you find
Now that the spring time is in the sky?
Gentleman, gentleman, do you not know?
To the country to find the flowers I go?
Little maid, little maid, you have no power
To bring to the city a country flower.
Gentleman, gentleman, who cares for you?
I'll pluck the flowers while they're wet with dew.
Little maid, little maid, surely you're blind;
If you pluck the flowers, they'll die, you'll find.
Gentleman, gentleman, what do you say?
I don't like you—you make me cry—go away!

A SURE CURE.

"ARE YOU the proprietor of Dr. Coffin's Celebrated Consumption Cure?"
 "Yes, sir—the present one."
 "Then your name, I presume, is Dr. Coffin?"
 "No! I succeeded him. Dr. Coffin is dead. He died last Fall, of an incurable malady."
 "Ah! I hadn't heard of it. May I ask what he died of?"
 "Haven't heard? He died of consumption."

VERY SUPERSTITIOUS.

"HOW DO you like Smith?"
 "First-rate; only he is so superstitious."
 "How so?"
 "He never goes fishing on Sunday, because he is afraid the fish won't bite on Sunday."

A KENTUCKIAN'S IDEA of economy is to drink three ten-cent drinks instead of two fifteen-cent ones. He gets more liquor for the same money.

HOME-RULE.

MR. POULTNEY has a very inquisitive son, who is much interested in foreign politics. "Pa," said he the other morning: "what is Home-Rule?"

"Home-Rule," replied Mr. Poultney, looking up from his paper: "why, Home-Rule is Home-Rule."

"Yes, Pa," persisted the youth: "but what is Home-Rule?"

"Ask your school-teacher, and don't bother me; I haven't any time to answer such silly questions."

Going down on the car to his office, Mr. Poultney met a business acquaintance.

"Rather interesting condition of affairs in England just now," observed the acquaintance: "I wonder how that Home-Rule matter will be settled."

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Mr. Poultney, pleasantly: "I was just explaining the situation to my little boy this morning. It is a very interesting question, and one I am very anxious to see settled."

LENTEN AMUSEMENTS.

"GOING to Mrs. Wistler's card-party to-night?"

"I should say not. Why, man, it's Lent."

"Where are you going, then?"

"Two or three of us are going to take a spin on the road. Then we will take dinner at Delmonico's, and later on we may take a drive through the Bowery and gaze on the sights."

"Bowery? Seems to me that's worse than cards."

"That's where you make an error, my boy. We are merely going down slumming. Never been slumming? Well, you'd better try it. Awfully jolly."

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—NO. XXVII.



There was a Dear, Nice, Benevolent Old Hebrew Gentleman who Attracted Considerable Attention on the East Side of Town Lately by Giving Away Base-Balls to the Small Boys—

A NEWSPAPER DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Office of the *Daily Item*.—April 5th.

MANAGING EDITOR.—I have had enough of your senseless stupidity, Mr. Jones, and won't stand any more of it.

MR. JONES (police reporter).—Sir?

MANAGING EDITOR.—Yes, sir. You are probably the most inefficient reporter in the country. You haven't had a single item right since you have been here, and we have three libel suits on hand caused by your beastly blundering. You can go down-stairs and get your week's wages and leave the office, and, by the way, you needn't come back until you are sent for.

Paragraph in the *Weekly Newspaper-Men's Organ*.—April 7th.

We learn that Mr. G. St. George Jones, the talented and brilliant young journalist, who has been filling the position of police reporter on the *Daily Item* for some months passed, has severed his connection with that paper. Mr. Jones is at present undecided what he will do in the future; but whatever it may be, he has our best wishes.

Office of the *Daily Paragraph*.—April 10th.

MR. JONES.—I am sure I would suit you, sir. I was police reporter on the *Item* for six months, and only left that paper on account of a disagreement with the Managing Editor. I don't care very much for wages. I need the work, sir. I will try very hard, and beg of you to give me a show.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Well, Mr. Jones, I will give you a chance. You can see Mr. Smith, the City Editor, and he will give you some work.

MR. JONES (gratefully).—Thank you, sir, thank you.

Paragraph in *Newspaper-Men's Organ*.—April 12th.
 We are pleased to learn that our brilliant young friend, Mr. G. St. George Jones, has at last accepted a local position on the staff of the *Paragraph*. We congratulate the *Paragraph* upon this great acquisition to its staff.



But it was Noticed that the Dear, Nice, Benevolent Old Hebrew Gentleman Always Appeared the Next Day with a "Glass-put-in" Outfit, and did a Rushing Business.

A DELICATE JOG.

ANGELINA.—Oh, ma, do let us have some of that nice glacier stained glass decoration.

MATER.—Why, darling?

ANGELINA.—Well, you see, mother, it reminds one so much of church, and church suggests the marriage-service; and it seems to me as if Harry wants something to jog his memory.

A GERMAN life-insurance company called "Die Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft" complains of the irregularity of the mails. Yet one would think it got all its letters.

THE BLUE GRASS BEAUTY.

FIRST URCHIN.—Say, Billy, here's a bloke as calls Our Mary the beautiful ice-palace of American art. Wonder what he means?

SECOND URCHIN.—Dunno, 'nless p'raps it's 'cause she freezes the reporters.

AN EXCHANGE heads a column of leaded type: "Great Excitement in Texas." We can't imagine what could have caused it, unless the authorities happened to catch a murderer, or something of that sort. This explanation, however, lacks probability.



"SAY, little country boy, how may I tell
That Summer is coming, that Spring is here?"
"Oh, surely, sir, you may know right well
When the buds on the boughs begin to swell,
When the new green grass comes pushing up,
When the crocus opens its blazing cup,
When the wren no longer seeks your crumbs,
When the swallow home from the Southland comes,
When the soft winds bear a pleasant smell—
Then, surely, sir, you may know right well
That Summer is coming, that Spring is here."

"Say, little city boy, how may I tell
That Summer is coming, that Spring is here?"
"Ain't you a softy? Can't you tell
When hoops and tops are the things that sell,
When boys on the corners all play 'peg,'
When you hear them shouting 'Who's got an egg?'
Want to know when Spring commences?
Look out for the show-bills on the fences,
For the lion and tiger and big white bear,
The star-spangled girl afloat in the air,
The bare-back rider and chalk-faced clown,
For the circus a-heading toward this town.
When the ulster is put to rest a spell,
When 'my uncle' takes care of the seal-skin—well,
Then, I think, a greeny might tell
That Summer is coming, that Spring is here."

ORIOLE.

POWHATAN.

IN THIS brief article I purpose giving a few of the more striking incidents in the long and useful career of the late esteemed King Wahunsonacock, perhaps better known to the public as Powhatan.

I do not deem it necessary to write an extended biography of this late eminent Virginian; for, though he left no personal memoirs to be carried round by book-agents, he has had a host of biographers, many of them able, fluent and practiced liars, with whom I could not pretend to compete in an extended effort. I shall therefore only strive to bring out a few salient points in the life of the late illustrious sachem which other biographers have omitted, either from hurry or inexcusable ignorance. I was at one time personally acquainted with a descendant of the grand old Wahunsonacock, and as my biographical data is gleaned from that source, the reader need not hesitate to accept it at its face value.

Early in life Wahunsonacock displayed abilities that marked him for something more than a plain nine-spot. He had rare executive talent, and knew how to pack the convention and fix the voters. When the returns came in, he had a majority every time.

From Town-Commissioner to Justice of the Peace, from Justice of the Peace to Circuit Judge, from Circuit Judge to Past-Chief, from Past-Chief to Grand High Old Sachem, and ruler of thirty tribes, the rise of Wahunsonacock was smooth, rapid and exhilarating, like going up in the embrace of a young and gentle cyclone.

When an English excursion-party, personally conducted by Christopher Newport and John Smith, came over to Virginia in 1607, they visited Wahunsonacock at his City of Powhatan, and were hospitably received. The King, though then somewhat advanced in life, was a man of fine physique and able digestion, having never eaten a "boiled dinner" or kiln-dried pie, and he told his visitors many amusing jokes, and otherwise entertained them right royally.

There was a banquet, the bill-of-fare including stewed terrapin, baked sweet-potatoes, oysters on the half-shell and corn-meal pone, à la Virginia. The Powhatan Evening Tomahawk, in reporting the affair next day, remarked that "the table groaned with all the delicacies of the season," and that "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

The English called the King "Powhatan," after the name of his capital city. They did this more from necessity than from choice, having lost all their best teeth in trying to say "Wahunsonacock" off-hand. And thus it came about that history rarely refers to that grand old King by the name he put to his proclamations and bank-checks.

The English tourists were much pleased by their reception at the hands of the hospitable Wahunsonacock. The parting after the banquet was one of mutual regrets. The stewed terrapin and corn-meal pone, especially, hit John Smith in a tender spot, and a few days later

he called round alone, intending to drop in on Sachem Powhatan about his dinner-hour.

The matter has never been fully explained, and Mr. Smith's own statements about the affair are vague and unsatisfactory; but it is thought he called during the annual house-cleaning at the Executive Mansion, or when Wahunsonacock was suffering from an attack of old Virginia malaria. At any rate, Wahunsonacock was mad about something. Instead of inviting Mr. Smith to walk into the reception-room and stay for dinner, he requested him to go round in the back-yard and take part in a little entertainment he had arranged expressly for the occasion. Then asking him pleasantly to lay his head on the biscuit-block, Wahunsonacock commanded his heaviest Indian-club swinger to step forward and take his position over the prostrate form of the guest of the day.

Mr. Smith now realized that Wahunsonacock intended to have him killed on an empty stomach, a fate he had always dreaded; but, seeing that the show could not go on very well without him, he did not object.

"Let him have it!" said Wahunsonacock to the heavy-weight club-swinging, in an impressive tone of voice.

The club-swinging raised his fifty-pound club with all the ease of an old performer, and poised it over John Smith's intellectual brow. At that moment a breathless man burst through the congregation and whispered a few words in the ear of the King's club-swinging, who immediately lowered his club without spoiling Mr. Smith's countenance, and put his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Well, why don't you strike?" impatiently thundered King Wahunsonacock.

"I have!" answered the club-swinging, calmly but firmly: "The Executive Board of Assembly No. 9,827, Knights of Leisure, of which I am a member, has just ordered a general strike until you consent to have your nose painted by a member of our order."

As it was the custom of the King to color his own nose with old Virginia peach and honey, he, of course, peremptorily refused to accede to the demands of the Knights of Leisure; and thus John Smith was saved.

After being advised to keep off the grass of Powhatanville, John struck himself.

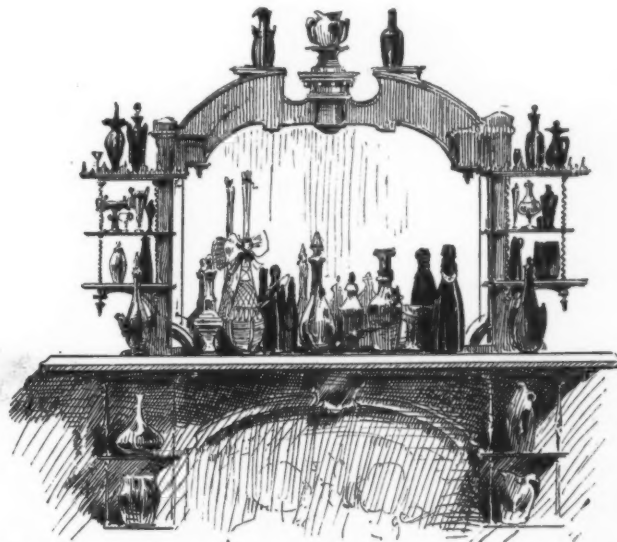
SCOTT WAY.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

IT IS said that poor Billy Moloney is in Montreal; that he is very unhappy; that he doesn't understand French, and wants to come home.

We don't see why any sympathy should be wasted on the ex-reader of the Board of Aldermen. From all accounts, Montreal is a very pleasant city to reside in. At least, a large number of wealthy American financiers greatly prefer it as a place of residence to New York, and if Mr. Moloney gets weary of hearing French spoken, he can run up to Hamilton and talk broken German with Mother Mandelbaum; and if he tires of her society, he can go down to Quebec and chat about civil-service matters and finances with John C. Eno.

Taking it all together, Mr. Moloney is much better off in Montreal than, for instance, in the Tombs, and French must sound much more pleasantly to his ears, when spoken in a Canadian hotel, than the pure Queen's English of Roscoe Conkling would in a crowded court-room, or pleasanter even than the dulcet tones of Inspector Byrnes in Police-Headquarters. On the whole, Mr. Moloney may consider himself exceptionally fortunate, and those persons who bestow their sympathy upon his unhappy lot are giving themselves a deal of unnecessary trouble.



AN EXPLANATION.—"No, Robert, this is not a drinking-saloon bar, only some fashionable bric-a-brac, on a mantel-piece."



THE LATTER-DAY

Have Our Forefathers Thrown Off the Yoke of King G

UCK.



Y LORD OF MISRULE.

g G ge only that We may Bow Down Before King Boycott?

J. Ottumra Lih (KRAO, PUCK BUILDING BY.

SHAKY JARP AND I.

SHAKY runs his miles of railroads,
Not a furlong, I;
Shaky has his piles of boodle,
Seven cents have I;
Shaky owns his thousand horses,
Not a jackass, I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Shaky, and not I.

Shaky, true, possesseth boodle,
But a conscience, I;
Self-respect and love of others
Money cannot buy;
Shaky bribes the city fathers,
Not a briber, I;
Shaky thinks he owns the city,
He is mad—not I.

Shaky's friends have each a mansion,
(Not a cottage, I),
Guarded by a hundred keepers,
Hudson flowing by—
Where they'll pass the coming summer,
And the pickaxe ply,
Robed in gorgeous striped apparel—
Better friends have I.

Shaky has his Knights of Labor,
Nights of rest have I;
Shaky fears to lose his railroads,
None to lose have I;
Shaky sees no charm in Sing Sing—
Wait till by-and-by!
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.
E. FRANK LINTABER.

A GOOD BUSINESS MOVE.

"WHAT business are you engaged in now?"
"Haven't you heard? I have become
a Socialist."

"And given up your shoe-store? That was
a bad move, I should say. You will starve to
death."

"Starve to death? That shows what you
know about it. I never was making more
money in my life. I sold ten kegs of beer last

night, and took in fifty-five dollars for hard
liquor. Starve, indeed!"

A MATTER OF FORM.

THE Chicago *Journal* remarks of the criminal
law: "What has an honest man to fear
from a law of this kind, however severe, count-
ing out, of course, the accident of circumstan-
tial evidence which sometimes involves the in-
nocent?" There is no objection to this bald
interrogation; but it lacks the lively human in-
terest and picturesqueness which would hover
over it if it were hurled into the congenial form
of poetry, thus:

"What has an honest man to fear
From a law of this kind, however severe,
Counting out, of course, the accident
Of circumstantial evidence
Which sometimes involves the innocent?"

In this form it becomes melodious, succulent,
savory; it palpitates, and every human being
who is susceptible to strong emotion wriggles
violently in his seat and involuntarily cries out:
"Why, yes, certainly, of course it is!"

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

AND NOW the barbers are on a strike. Next!

JAKE SHARP's fellow-stockholders should have
compelled the old man to use a bell-punch.

ADONIS DIXEY is going to Europe. When?
Well, don't get impatient about the matter.
Shortly, shortly.

SAM JONES and Sam Small both gave up
chewing tobacco when in Chicago. Probably
too many citizens asked them for a "chaw."

MATTHEW ARNOLD is coming to see us all
again. If Matthew is as able a man as he thinks
he is, he will buy a round-trip ticket on leaving
London.

MR. CONKLING declares again that he is not
in politics. It does not yet appear whom the
distinguished orator is arguing with.—*Pitts-
burgh Dispatch*. It must be his echo.

Office-Boy Art—Our Alpheus Is At It Again.



AN EXCISE GIVE-AWAY.

JUDGE.—Prisoner, the officer says that you were selling liquor in your
saloon at three o'clock yesterday morning.

PRISONER.—Sure it's mistaken he is, Your Honor. Wh'n the cop kem in,
there was not wan drop o' liquor in me place; an' whin Murty Gallagher,
me cousin, bailed me out, an' Oi wint back lasht night, be gob, it had all gone.

THE BEGGAR AND THE POET.



A MENDICANT did once solicit alms,
With head bent low and half-extended palms,
From one whose gentle mouth and kindly eyes
Proclaimed him both benevolent and wise;
To whom life was one long Poetic Dream—
In fact, a Poet searching for a Theme.
Upon the beggar's ill-shaped nose there grew
Excrescences of deepest crimson hue,
And, clearly, in his wretched bloated face
Of Alcoholic Stimulant was trace.
"Would you suppose," he said: "to see me now,
That I was once as eminent as thou,
And noted, in the city where I dwelt,
As one whose influence was widely felt
In Law and Philosophic Research;
Wit'al a deacon in the M. E. Church,
Until laid low by that strong demon—Drink
And his coadjutor, the Skating-Rink?"
The Poet thus addressed said, with surprise:
"I should not from your Aspect so surmise;
Here, take this coin, and prithee tell me more,
A Tale like yours I've seldom heard before;
Because, forsooth, I never should suppose
From your Disreputable Air and clothes
And dull Inebriated Gaze, withal,
'That you were ever eminent at all."
Then did the wily Mendicant rejoin,
As expeditiously he took the coin:
"Your Supposition is correct. It does
Great honor to your Wit. *I never was.*"
ELMER A. ELLSWORTH.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

A Southern paper tells the story of a "Romance of a
Whiskey-Bottle." There is very little romance,
we believe, about a whiskey-bottle. It chiefly lies in the
stuff that was in the bottle.

"A Gilded Youth's Ambition" is the title of a new
story. We have not read it; but it probably is to carry
a larger cane, wear a louder stripe in his trousers, and
follow a more muscular dog up the Avenue than any other
gilded youth in the metropolis.

In every self-respecting newspaper office a few lines
of type are kept standing, and are used on the appear-
ance of each new book or magazine story from the pen
of Mr. Frank R. Stockton. This formula is to the effect
that Mr. Stockton's latest production is bright, clever,
original and full of the author's peculiar charm. It has
always been applicable hitherto, and we might very well
bring it out for "The Late Mrs. Null"; but that Mr.
Stockton's first appearance as a novelist deserves more
serious consideration—for which we shall make space
next week.

In speaking of a Western story-writer, a Western paper
observes: "She has, besides, a genius for story-telling,
which is rarer than is generally supposed." This is
where the journal makes an error. The genius for story-
telling is common enough. Almost every one has it. It
is the genius for getting one's stories printed after they
are told that brings so many heads in sorrow to the alms-
house.

PUCKULARITIES.

WE ARE told that one way
to prevent a canary-
bird from singing is to put
a small mirror into his cage,
when he will stop his song
to admire himself. This only
proves what we have always
thought: The canary-bird
doesn't sing because it is
happy and lighthearted, but
because it has no sense.

WHAT IS needed in this
country is a law preventing
the sale of unloaded revolv-
ers to any one without an
official permit. So long as
a law preventing the birth
of fools is impracticable,
this act seems to be the best
thing to be done under the
circumstances.

"WHO IS the greatest man
alive?" asks an inquisitive
subscriber. We really can't
answer definitely. There
are several of us.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A BLATANT, braying sample of the loud-voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of men took his seat in a Philadelphia street-car, and called to the conductor:

"Does this car go all the way up Eighth?"

"Yes, sir," responded the conductor, politely.

"Does it go up as far as Oxford Street? I want to get off there."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I want you to tell me when you get there. You'd better stick a wafer on your nose, or put a straw in your mouth, or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it."

"It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor, courteously: "but if you will kindly pin your ears around your neck, I think I will remember to tell you."

Amid the roar of the passengers, the man said that he had "forgotten something," and got off at the next corner.

JOHN HODGE.

TWO SEASONS.

News from Newport is to the effect that two women of fashion have just obtained divorces. The season can now be said to be fairly opened.

A citizen of Shenandoah, Pa., was last week hit by a base-ball bat and killed. The season can now be said to be fairly opened.



OH, the rustle of her dress,
As she sweeps toward her seat!
Oh, the shimmer of her satins!
Oh, the twinkle of her feet!
All my heart is filled with visions
Of a joy so wondrous great
That I never may expect it
Of a cold and cruel Fate.

Fairer than the Blessed Damsel
Who leaned o'er heaven's bars—
She has hair like rippling sunshine—
She has eyes like mated stars.
Hopelessly I look and worship,
Wishing what can never be—
I am but a humble usher,
And a Plumber's Daughter she.

CURRENT COMMENT.

BARNUM LAST week wrote to Col. Occult, trying to hire his "principal hierophant" for the great show, supposing it to be a variety of hippopotamus. Mark Madam Blavatsky's indignation!

A PEDESTRIANESS in Boston has lost the race on account of a sprained ankle. She has "imperfect terminal facilities," like the St. Louis railroads.

THE *Herald* says, in a burst of generosity: "All men are greater than what they do." How about the fellow who fired the Ephesian dome?

IN A popular choir a man whistles an accompaniment. See here, Brother Talmage, are you going to allow them to get ahead of you in this way?

SALEM, PA., according to the *Press*, has "an educated mouse that performs acrobatic feats." Probably exercises on the trapezily.

"How MUCH is the shoes?"
"Five dollars."
"Five! That's more'n I'll pay. I'll give ye two."
"No."
"No? I say I *will* give ye two."
"Well, I won't take two. Move on!"
"Faith, I'll not! I'll shtan' here till ye take two. An' ef yez don't take two, we'll arbitrate!"

THE PRETTIEST DRIVE.

"**H**AS THERE ever been a prettier drive in all the world, I wonder, than that around the Presidio?" writes "Roderick" from California.

Has there? What ignorance! What monumental and colossal nescience!

Why, of course, there has.

What a tremendously stupid question to ask!

The prettiest drive in all the world—the very prettiest of them all—started down the lane from the red house on the hill. What lane? What red house? There is more of your ignorance, Roderick, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You really ought. Why, the red house, to be sure, that we all remember, where there lived, some-odd years ago, the prettiest red-lipped, pink-cheeked, pearly-teethed, roundest, plumpest golden-haired little woman in all the world. You don't mean to tell me that you have forgotten her? Of course, not.

You see, I have a better opinion of you than you have yourself, even. The lane started under the waving elms at the very top of this hill, and turned and twisted around the hill and down it, until you reached the broad, level road. Then you turned to the right, and let the horse follow his nose. You couldn't make a mistake, Roderick. I have been over it times enough to know that. Down this road a half-a-mile or so you come to a fork. There you should take the one to the left. Don't take the other, Rod-

erick. That one would bring you straight to the village, and fetch you up in front of the Post-office on Main Street.

That would be a grievous error; that is, if you had the right kind of horse—a slow one, not hard upon the bit, not easily frightened at any mysterious sounds like the popping of corks, which it may have happened to hear from the direction of the buggy, a close-mouthed horse, discreet to a degree, and silent as the obelisk in Central Park. An easy horse to drive, a one-handed horse, Roderick, if you know what that means—and the right kind of girl—the pretty girl who lived in the old red house is the right kind of girl to take when you want to really enjoy the prettiest drive in all the world the way it ought to be enjoyed. If you were so accompanied, Roderick, the further you kept away from the staring people of the village Main Street, the more you would enjoy your drive, and that is the reason I have advised you to take the turn to the left.

This, my friend, as you doubtless recollect, took you down a quiet cross-road, which wound, as cross-roads ought to wind sometimes, and wound in many curves and twists until you reached the brook. Then follow the path beside the brook until it joins the river, and then—turn around and follow it back again. It has been a long time, Roderick, since you and I have had any drives like this, and it will be

a great deal longer before we shall again. Somehow, drives are not what they once were.

Don't ask me to explain this, because I can't. All I know is that I am right. They don't have the same kind of horses nowadays. When they are slow, they drag themselves at a very snail's pace; and when they are fast, they kick up such a dust that you can't see a dozen yards ahead of you. Then, the wagons have such stiff and uncomfortable backs that they are sure to bring on rheumatism inside of an hour. The road is not as level as it used to be, and as for the brook, Roderick, it is as full of dams as an Alderman's private conversation. Everything has changed in fifteen short years.

Last spring I drove over this same old road. I think we had the same old horse—he knew the road so perfectly, he stopped in the shade so naturally, and walked along the brook-path so leisurely, that I couldn't be mistaken.

But it wasn't the same drive, Roderick, bless your soul, no! Not a bit like it.

You know why, do you? Most Sapient Roderick! Let's hear the explanation, for I surely don't understand it.

I didn't have the same prettiest girl with me. That was the reason, was it?

Ah, Roderick, old boy, there is where you are fooled again. She is just the person I did have, and, strange as it may seem, she didn't like the drive any better than I did.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.



WELL-MEANING CITIZEN.—Now, Pat, you see what disgrace these low politicians have brought on the city. Why don't you cast your vote for honest, respectable, solid men? Now, if Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant were put up in your district, would you vote for him?

PATRICK.—Stoyversant, soor? Where does he kape his saloon?

Hints to Young Men Who Want to Marry.

SELECT the girl.

Agree with the girl's father in politics, and with her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

If there is a bothersome little brother who has a habit of coming in just at the time you don't want him most, and who takes great interest in you, and makes unfeeling remarks about the shape of your nose, take him regularly the latest Puck.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do, you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If you sit down on some molasses-candy that little Willie has left on the chair, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, smile sweetly at a remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses-candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a quiet cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, if there is a front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in your ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent, who has been uni-

formly kind to her, to take you in out of the cold.

Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away valuable time in that sort of style; and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner-dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them, in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

SCOTT WAY.

HE WENT OUT.

AT the evening hour, when all the land of Alabazan lay slumbering under the steel-blue skies and clear cold stars of March, Miralcasor the Good sat musing before the fire. A noiseless hand lifted the latch of his tent-door and came in, attended by the rest of the anatomy of a feeble frame. Pinched was the sorrowful face with famine and cold, the tattered raiment fluttered in the night-winds, and the tottering limbs scarce conveyed the feeble wanderer to a divan, where, with a faint moan, the intruder sank down.

"Hence, unbidden guest," said Miralcasor, indignantly: "begone!"

"I am," replied the U. B.

"How so?" asked Miralcasor.

"Woe-begone," said the guest: "But list to my tale ere I go—"

"Stay thy tale," began Miralcasor, shaking his head impressively: "I will not—"

"Tale stays," spoke the guest, with hasty but cordial acquiescence: "and the hide goes with the tale," saying which, he hid about six fingers of good old Robinson County centrefire that stood in the epergne. "I come," the guest resumed: "because my sorrows are wrought by your hands. But for you I had not been houseless, homeless, friendless, an outcast, broken in body, broken in spirit, forgotten—"

"Then you are—?"

"Your boss New Year resolution!"

With all his strength Miralcasor seized the unhappy wretch with both hands, and, forgetting that he only lived in a tent, hurled him out of a seventh-story window, down, down, down to the pitiless pavement and the giddy throng, hurrying carelessly along so far below. "Haply I may kill a doctor with him," muttered Miralcasor, who had recently been vaccinated. But he had no such luck, and so he sighed and gloomily returned to the fireside, which had committed suicide, and Miralcasor followed its example. That is, he went out.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novak, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 140, 163 and 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.



❖ ❖ ❖

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.

❖ ❖ ❖

FOR

NERVOUS HEADACHE

(AS A COUNTER-IRRITANT.)

Take Fred! Brown's Ginger.
Wet thoroughly a cloth or
piece of flannel—bind it on
the head. It WILL feel very
hot, but WILL NOT blister.

TRY IT.

It has done good when all
other applications failed.

REMEMBER.

In buying, look out for the
RED LABEL.—Trade-Mark.

Fred Brown
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Pa

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC RULES.

Athletic Sports, Archery, Billiards, Bi-
cycling, Bowling, Badminton, Bagatelle,
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Wholesale and retail. Carriages delivered without charge. Cata-
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No "crimson-tippet flower"
Formed from Columbian earth,
No creature of an hour—
Of centuries I'm the birth.
All else is little worth
Beside my ancient race!
Come, moderate your mirth;
I am the Peach-blow Vase!

Of Khang Hly there's a dearth;
The jealous western Giaour
Ou-tsai-khi on his hearth
To polish lacks the power.
They glow alone to dower
Princesses who may trace
Blood to which Mandarins cower;
I am the Peach-blow Vase!

Give me a fitting girth!
Let Baltimore come vow her
Leal as the Maid of Perth,
And build a pearly bower!
So that, when critics sour
Come pilgrims to my grace,
In all my pride I'll tower;
I am the Peach-blow Vase!

ENVOY.

Editors rave and lower
When gazing on my face;
I'm made of kiln dried flour—
I am the Peach-blow Vase!

—J. P. B., in Philadelphia News.

PROF. DAVID SWING has an article in an
April magazine on "The Ideal Church." He
says: "The ideal church will be one in which
piety shall outrank doctrine," etc. We supposed
it was to be one in which the seats would be so
arranged that a woman could see each person
that entered, without twisting her head off, al-
most.—Norristown Herald.

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If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of
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or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days.
Extra strength, Quick, Safe, Sure. No
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Will grow 1 or 2 inches \$1.00. Price
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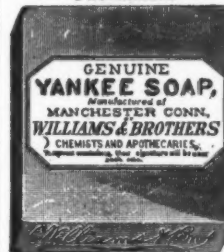
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deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of
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2	25,000	50,000
1	10,000	10,000
3	5,000	15,000
1	3,000	3,000
6	2,000	12,000
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37,400 premiums, amounting to 1,084,880 francs.

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and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of May, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$15 (Fifteen Dollars) will secure one of these bonds for the next redemption. For Bonds, Circulars, or any other information, call on or address

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HJB, HJB, FJHURRAH!—The Minnesota Norwegians have again been celebrating the discovery of America by Niels Niederrson the Red. The exercises opened with the reading of the Declaration of Fjindependjence, and closed with the singing of

Hjail Cjolumbia, Fjhappy Jland,
Fjail, ye Jheroes Fjheaven bjornyterne bjand,
whjich wjas gjen wjth a vjim that ljfted the fjroof off the wjgwamj.

Herr Emerig, of Lauengen, says, in *Die Natur*, that "The conduct of the bees, even more infallible than barometer or hygrometer, is a trustworthy indication whether a storm is impending or not." Herr Emerig's head is level. Any boy knows that he can stir up the hygrometer with a stick, and yet live in peace; but when the bee, by his conduct, indicates a rising temperature with local areas of mean disturbance, the boy knows it will be the meanest kind, and prepares, usually by flight, for the hottest kind of a time to be found between Christ-masses.

"Make room for the girls!" cries the *Woman's Journal*. Oh, pshaw! the girls don't want much room. A chair that will hold one with a tight squeeze will hold two very comfortably. Room for the girls, indeed! Sit here, girls.

—Robert J. Burdette.

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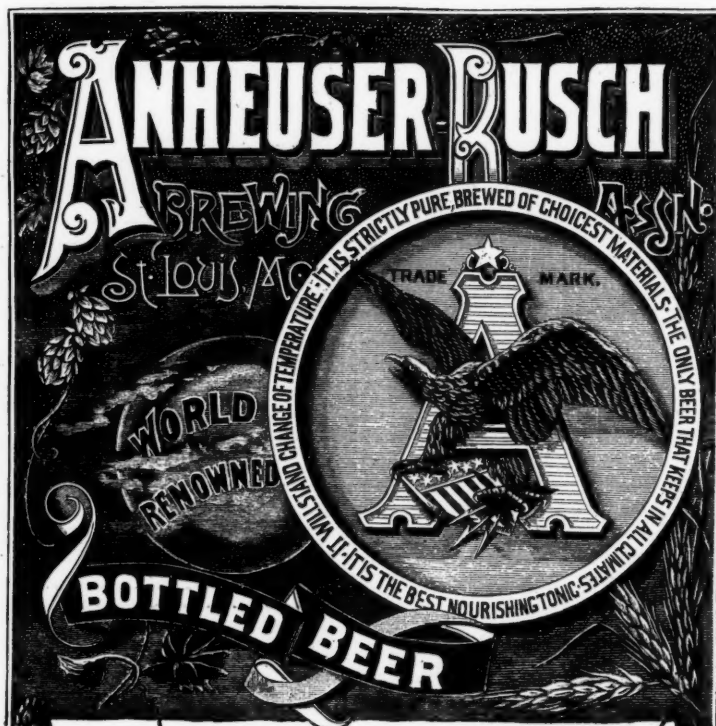
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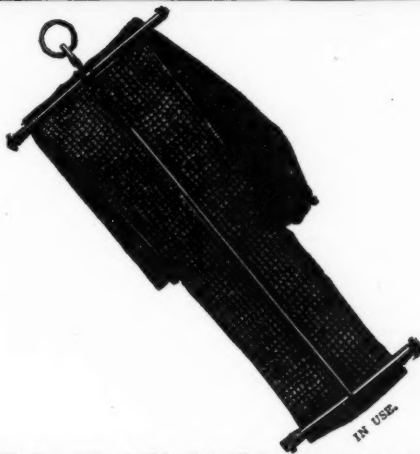
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You must mention PUCK. 564

"UNCLE AMOS, are you doing anything in cotton now?" was asked of a colored character in Augusta, the other day.

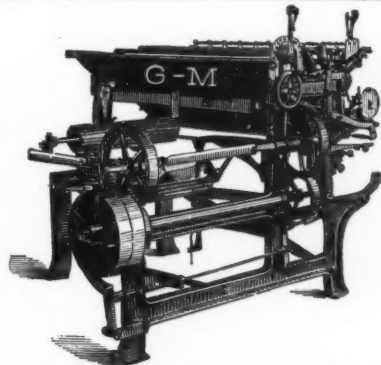
"No, sah, I isn't."

"You used to speculate."

"Oh, yes, sah. I was a bull in cotton till I done lost my two mules. Den I turned b'ar, an' lost de wagin dey used to be hitched to. At dat p'int I kinder drewed off to save my grub-hoe an' secure new confidence. Dat confidence hasn't come yit, an' till it does I reckon I'd better keep on grubbin' out stumps at fifty cents apiece."—*Wall Street News.*

A FASHION note says that New York Aldermen will discard checks for stripes, which will be *de rigueur* at Sing Sing and other musical affairs.—*Boston Post.*

THE ONLY thing that a man ever loses by politeness is his seat in a street-car.—*Drake's Magazine.*



This cut represents the machine that prints the initials of the name of this Com, any on eve y yard of goods we make. We have assumed, for the benefit of the Dressmakers and Ladies of this country, an expense of thirteen thousand dollars (\$13,000), that they may know how to tell our genuine goods from the imitation, for they now can see plainly printed on the selfage, G for every quarter of a yard, and M for eve y three-quarters of a yard, therefore the G and M can be found on every yard; and are printed a half a yard apart. We have run in the busy season, night and day, five of these machines, and each machine can print 58 yards per minute. Now, we should like to know how many school girls and boys there are in the U. S. and Canada, under 15 years of age, who can tell us exactly how many yards these five machines can print in the 313 working days in a year. For every boy or girl who will send us the correct answer, with four cents in stamps to pay postage and packing, we will mail gratis, one elegant imperial size Phototype of the "Three Little Maids from School." We will also mail free to any address, on receipt of 12 cents, a HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, containing 254 pages, by Emery E. Childs, giving all important events from 1492 to 1885, and well worth many times the price. This book should be the text book for schools and in the hands of all teachers and in every library in the land. Please show this to your schoolmates and friends.

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The newspapers have received Mr. Frank R. Stockton's novel THE LATE MRS. NULL, in a way which must be regarded as entirely unique. The book was published on March 23d; it had already been widely announced, and was extensively reviewed as soon as copies were put into the hands of the editors. The story has now been noticed by most of the prominent papers of the country, but there has not appeared a single unfavorable comment. It is hardly necessary to say that the success of the book has been complete; more than 5,000 copies were ordered by the booksellers before publication, and the demand has not only been maintained but increased.

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It is almost superfluous to say that every one wants to read MRS. NULL. Mr. Stockton is undeniably the most original and unique among living American story-tellers, and this, his first effort as a sustained novel, is marked by as much novelty, humor, and unexpectedness as any of the shorter tales which have made his name famous.

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It will be read with satisfaction by the admirers of Mr. Stockton and his whimsical methods of telling or hinting a story. He is one of our best humorists.

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There is nothing like it in the domain of English fiction. It bubbles over with merriment; it leads you up to the most unexpected incidents; it has all the breezy charm of a pastoral.

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